THE

WARBLER.

A NEW

SONG BOOK,

Containing the following

CELEBRATED SONGS:

NAMELY,

Young Love among the Roses
Love's Young Dream
God Save the King
Rule, Britannia
Mary's Dream
Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch
William and Margaret
Dear is my little Native Vale
Death or Liberty
General Wolfe's Song
The Jubilee
The Trumpet Sounds a Victory
Roger and Nelly
Bundle of Wants
O, Nanny wilt thou gang with me
The Woodland Maid
On Sympathy
In the Downhill of Life

Yes, let us strike the lyre, and sing and rhyme;
By far the wisest way of spending time.

Printed by J. Marshall,
In the Old Flesh-Market, Newcastle;
Where may also be had, a large and curious Assortment of Songs, Ballads, Tales, Histories, &c.

Young Love among the Roses.

YOUNG Love flew to the Paphian bower,
And gather'd sweets from many a flower;
From Roses red and Jessamine,
The Lily and the Eglantine.
The Graces they were culling posies,
The Graces, &c.
And found Young Love among the Roses.
Young Love among the Roses,
Young Love, &c.
The Graces they were culling posies,
And found Young Love among the Roses.

O happy day! oh, joyous hour!
Composing a wreath of many a flower;
Let's bind him to us, ne'er to sever,
Young Love shall dwell with us for ever.
Eternal Spring the wreath composes,
Eternal Spring, &c.
Content is Love among the Roses.
Young Love among the Roses,
Young Love, &c.
Eternal Spring the wreath composes,
Content is Love among the Roses.

Love's Young Dream.

By Thomas Moore.

OH the days are gone when beauty bright
My heart's chain wove,
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
Was Love, still Love;

New joys may bloom,
And days may come
Of milder, calmer gleam,
But there's nothing half so ſweet in life,
As Love's young dream;
Oh! there's nothing half so ſweet in life,
As Love's young dream.

Tho' the Bard to purer fame may ſoar,
When wild youth's past:
Tho' he win the wise who frown'd before,
To smile at last.
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet,
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear,
His soul-felt flame,
And at every pauſe she blush'd to hear,
The one lov'd name.

Oh that hallow'd hour is ne'er forgot,
Which first-love trac'd;
Still it ling'ring haunts the greeneſt spot,
On memory's waſte.
'Twas odour fled,
As soon as shed,
'Twas morning's winged dream;
'Twas a light that ne'er ſhall ſhine again,
On Life's dull stream;
Oh! 'twas a light that ne'er shall shine again,
On Life's dull stream.

God Save the King

GOD save great George our King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King!

O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall:
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks!
On him our hearts we fix,
O save us all!

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleas'd to pour,
Long may he reign!
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King!

Oh! grant him long to see
Friendship and unity
Always increase:
May he his sceptre sway,
All loyal souls obey,
Join heart and voice, huzza!
God save the King!

"From ev'ry latent foe,
"From the assassin's blow,
"God save the King!
"O'er him thy arm extend,
"For Britain's sake defend
"Our Father, Prince, and Friend,
"God save the King!"

Rule, Britannia.

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main, [land,
This was the charter, the charter of the
And guardian Angels sung the strain:
Rule, Britannia, Britannia rules the waves,
For Britons never will be slaves!

The nations not so blest as thee,
Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall,
Whilst thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish
great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke,
As the loud blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.

The haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down,
Will but arouse, arouse thy gen'rous flame,
And work their woe and thy renown.

To thee belong the rural reign,
Thy cities ſhall with commerce ſhine,
All thine ſhall be the subject main,
And every ſhore it circles thine.

The Muses ſtill, with Freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coaſt repair,
Bleſs'd isle! with beauties, with matchleſs beauties crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair!

Mary's Dream.

THE Moon had climb'd the higheſt hill
Which riſes o'er the ſource of Dee,
And from the eaſtern ſummit ſhed
Her ſilver light on tow'r and tree:
When Mary laid her down to ſleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy, far at ſea;
Then ſoft, and low a voice was heard,
Say, "Mary, weep no more for me."

She from her pillow gently ris'd,
Her head, to aſk who thee might be;
And ſaw young Sandy ſhiv'ring ſtand,
With pallid cheek and hollow e'e.
"O Mary, dear! cold is my clay,
It lies beneath a ſtormy ſea,
Far, far from thee I ſleep in death,
So, Mary, weep no more for me."

"Three ſtormy nights and ſtormy days,
We toss'd upon the raging main:
And long we ſtrove our bark to ſave,
But all our ſtriving was in vain.
E'en then, when horror chill'd my blood,
My heart was fill'd with love of thee;
The ſtorm is paſt, and I at reſt;
So, Mary, weep no more for me.

"O Maiden dear, thyſelf prepare,
We ſoon ſhall meet upon that ſhore,
Where love is free from doubt or care,
And thou and I ſhall part no more."
Loud crow'd the cock, the ſhadow fled,
No more of Sandy could ſhe ſee;
But ſoft the paſſing ſpirit ſaid,
"Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!"

Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch.

ROY'S wife of Aldivalloch,
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch.
Wat ye how ſhe cheated me,
As I came o'er the braes o' Balloch.

She vow'd, ſhe ſwore ſhe wad be mine,
She ſaid ſhe lov'd me beſt of ony;
But oh! the fickle, faithleſs quean,
She's ta'en the carl and left her Johnny.

O she was a canty queen,
And weel could dance the Highland walloch
How happy I, had she been mine,
Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch.

Her face sae fair, her een sae clear,
Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonny!
To me she ever will be dear,
Tho' she's for ever left her Johnny.

William and Margaret.

WHEN hope lay hush'd in silent night,
And woe was wrapp'd in sleep,
In glided Margaret's pale-ey'd ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April sky,
Dimm'd by a scattering cloud;
Her clay-cold, lily hand, knee high,
Held up her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youthful years are flown!
Such the last robe that kings must wear,
When death deprives their crown!

Her bloom was like the morning flower,
That sips the silver dew:
The rose had budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker worm,
Consum'd her tender prime;
The rose of beauty pal'd and pin'd,
And dy'd before its time.

Awake! she cry'd, thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave!
Late let thy pity mourn a wretch,
Thy love refus'd to save.

This is the dark and fearful hour,
When injur'd ghosts complain;
And lovers' tombs give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

Bethink thee, *William!* of thy fault,
Thy pledge of broken truth:
See the sad lesson thou hast taught
My unsuspecting youth!

Why did you first give sense of charms,
Then all those charms forsake?
Why sigh'd you for my virgin heart,
Then left it thus to break?

Why did you, present, pledge such vows,
Yet none in absence keep;—
Why said you, that my eyes were bright,
Yet taught them first to weep?

Why did you praise my blushing lips,
Yet make their scarlet pale?
And why, alas! did I, fond maid
Believe the flatt'ring tale?

But now my face no more is fair,
My lips retain no red;
Fix'd are my eyes in death's ſtill glare!
And love's vain hope is fled.

The hungry worm my partner is;
This winding ſheet my dress:
A long and weary night muſt paſs,
Ere heaven allows redreſs.

But hark!—'tis day! the darkneſs flies;
Take one long, laſt adieu!
Come, ſee, falſe man! how low ſhe lies,
Who died for pitying you.

The birds ſung out, the morning ſmil'd,
And ſtreak'd the sky with red;
Pale William ſhook, in every limb,
And ſtarted from his bed.

Weeping, he sought the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay;
And ſtretch'd him o'er the green-graſs turf,
That veil'd her breathleſs clay.

Thrice call'd unheard on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept her fate;
Then laid his cheek on her cold grave,
And dy'd—and lov'd too late.

Dear is my little Native Vale.

DEAR is my little Native Vale,
The ring-dove builds and warbles there:
Cloſe by my cot ſhe tells her tale
To ev'ry paſſing village fair.

The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And ſhells his nuts at liberty.

In orange groves and myrtle bow'rs,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours,
With my lov'd lute's romantic sound;
Or crowns of living laurel weave,
For those who win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn, at break of day,
The ballet danc'd in twilight glade;
The canzonet and roundelay,
Sung in the silent greenwood's shade;
These simple joys, that never fail,
Shall bind me to my Native Vale.

Death or Liberty.

WHILST happy in my native land,
I boast my country's charter,
I'll never basely lend a hand,
It's liberties to barter.
The noble mind is not at all
By poverty degraded,
'Tis guilt alone that makes us fall,
So well I am perſuaded.—
Each true born Briton's song ſhall be,
O give me Death or Liberty!

Tho' ſmall the power which fortune grants,
And few the gifts ſhe ſends us,
The lordly hireling ſtill ſhall want,
That freedom which defends us;

By laws secur'd from lawless strife,
Our house is our castellum!
Thus blest with all that's dear in life,
For lucre shall we sell 'em?
Each true born Briton's song shall be,
O give me *Death* or *Liberty!*

General WOLFE's *Song*

HOW stands the glass around?
For shame, you take no care, my boys;
How stands the glass around?
Let mirth and wine abound!
The trumpets sound,
The colours now are flying, boys,
To fight, kill or wound;
May we still be found,
Content with our hard fate, my boys,
On the cold ground!

Why, Soldiers, why
Should we be melancholy, boys?
Why, Soldiers! why?
Whose business 'tis to die!
What! sighing! fie!
Kill fear, drink on, be jolly, boys,
'Tis he, you, or I,—
Cold, hot, wet, or dry;
We're always bound to follow, boys,
And scorn to fly!

'Tis but in vain,
I mean not to upbraid you, boys,
'Tis but in vain
For soldiers to complain:
Should next campaign
Send us to him who made us, boys,
We're free from pain;
But if we remain,
A bottle and good company
Cure all again.

The Jubilee.

FRAE the Grampian hills, will the Royal ear hear it,
An' listen to Norman the Shepherd's plain tale;
The north wind is blawing and gently will bear it,
Unvarnish'd and honest, o'er hill and o'er dale.
When Lon'on it reaches, at court, sire, receive it,
Like a tale you may read it, or like a sang sing,
Poor Norman is easy, but you may believe it,
I'm fifty years Shepherd, you're fifty a King!

Your Jubilee now, wi' my ain I will mingle,
For you and mysel' twa fat lambkins I'll slay;
Fresh turf I will lay in a heap on my ingle,
An' wi' my auld neebors I'll rant out the day:
My pipes that I play'd on lang syne, I will blaw them,
My chanter I'll teach to lilt over each spring;
My drones to the tune I'll round an' round thraw them,
I'm fifty years Shepherd, you're fifty a King!

The flocks o' Great Britain ye've lang weel attended,
The flocks o' Great Britain demanded your care;
Frae the tod an' the wolf they've been snugly defended,
And led to fresh pastures, fresh water and air;

My flocks I have led day by day o'er the heather,
At night they around me ha'e danc'd in a ring,
I've been their protector thro' foul and fair weather,
I'm fifty years Shepherd, you're fifty a King!

Their fleeces I've shorn, frae the cauld to protect me,
Their fleeces they gave when a burden they grew;
When leas'd frae the sheeting, their looks did respect me,
So the flocks o' Great Britain still look upon you:
They grudge not their monarch a mite o' their riches,
Their active industry is ay on the wing:
Then you and me, sire, I think are twa matches,
I'm fifty years Shepherd, you're fifty a King.

Me wi' my sheep, sire, and you wi' your subjects,
On that festive day we'll both gladly rejoice;
Our twa hoary heads will be fu' o' new projects,
To please the leal vassals that made us their choice!
Wi' sweet rips o' hay I will treat a' my weathers,
The juice o' the vine to your lords you will bring;
The respect they ha'e for us is better than brothers,
I'm fifty years Shepherd, you're fifty a King.

My crook I will dress in the relics o' simmer,
My faithfu' auld Colly shall hail that blithe morn;
And to my wee cabin I'll welcome each comer,
The friend that hath plenty, and stranger forlorn;
You'll sure do the same, tho' nobody broach it,
You've plenty of beef, butter, lobsters, and ling,
And rowth o' Musicians to strike up the crotchet,
I'm fifty years Shepherd, you're fifty years King!

I live i' the cottage where Norval was bred in,
You live in the palace your ancestors rear'd:
Nae guests uninvited dare come to our weddin',
Nor ruthless invaders pluck us by the beard;

Then thanks to the island we live in, where shipping
Skim round us abreast, or like geese in a string;
Then safe I can say, as my brose I am sipping,
I'm fifty years Shepherd, you're fifty a King.

But ah! Royal George, and ah! humble Norman,
Life to us baith draws near to a close!
The year's far awa' that was our natal hour, man,
The time's at our elbow that brings us repose:
But e'en let it come, sire, if conscience acquit us,
A sigh frae our bosom death never shall wring;
An' may the next Jubilee amang angels meet us,
So hail the auld Shepherd, and worthy auld King!

The Trumpet Sounds a Victory.

HE was fam'd for deeds of arms,
She a maid of envy'd charms!
Now to him her love imparts,
One pure flame pervades both hearts;
Honour calls him to the field,
Love to conqueſt now muſt yield;
Sweet maid! he cries, again I'll come to thee,
When the glad trumpet ſounds a victory.

Battle now with fury glows!
Hoſtile blood in torrents flows;
His duty tells him to depart,
She preſs'd her hero to her heart:
And now the trumpet ſounds to arms,
Amid the claſh of rude alarms,
Sweet maid! he cries, &c.

He with love and conquest burns,
Both subdue his mind by turns;
Death the Soldier now enthralls!
With his wounds the hero falls!
She, disdaining war's alarms,
Rush'd and caught him in her arms!—
O death! he cries, thou'rt welcome now
to me!
For hark! the trumpet sounds a victory!

Roger and Nelly

'TWAS in the prime of summer time,
Quite pleasing was the weather,
Young Roger would a wooing go,
By the consent of his mother;
So he was drest all in his best,
Quite smart without a wrinkle,
A rusty sword down by his side,
Tied on with beggar's inkle.

Then Roger called his man John,
Go fetch me out old Dobbin,
Comb out his mane, cock up his tail,
That it may not hang bobbing:
With a saddle-tree bound down with hay,
That is a thing so proper,
And a patten ring tied in a string,
Of linsey-wolsey cropper.

Then Roger to his chest would go,
Straightway for to unlock it,
Three halfpence of old Irish coin,
He put them in his pocket.
With the bridle beſt, pick'd from the reſt;
Which he had for a ſtirrup;
A beſom ſtick he had for a whip,
With half a yard of cart rope.

Then Roger rose and took the road,
They took him for a 'torney,
With his pistol long, it was well load,
For fear he ſhould be robbed;
And every little while he said,
Come, mend your pace, old Dobbin;
Should night o'ercast we'll lose our road,
Then let us both keep jogging.

Then Roger to the town did go,
His doxy to enquire:
Making a rout, he found her out,
Next door to the town-crier:
Then he said to his dear Neil,
Let us in wedlock join:
But first tell me thy fortune,
And then I'll tell thee mine.

I have a box without a top,
A spade without a handle,
A pepper box, an old cart rope,
And half a farthing candle;

A washing tub, a pewther dish,
A pestle and a mortar;
A leathern bucket, old and good,
Will serve us years in future.

Besides, says she, it's known full well,
I have great store of linen,
Full forty yards of hemp and yarn,
And all of my own spinning.

O then, says Roger, it's well known,
I've Dobbin in the stable,
A pig, a calf, a crown and half,
A rare old kitchen table.

Besides, says he, I have a house,
Fetches fifteen-pence a quarter,
An old bedstead without a head,
And a pot to catch your water.

Come, said he, my dear sweet Neil,
Let us to church be jogging;
With all my heart, I'll say my part,
Go fetch me out old Dobbin.

So then to church they did repair,
And in wedlock's bands were joined,
When all was o'er to bed they went,
And now their toils are ended.

Bundle of Wants.

COME, Gentlemen, sit you all merry,
I'll sing you a song of want;
I'll make you as merry as can be,
Now my money begins to grow scant.

A woman without ever a tongue,
She never can scold very loud;
It's juſt ſuch another ſad want,
When a fiddler wants his crowd.

A ſhip without ever a ſail,
May be driven the Lord knows whither;
It's juſt ſuch another ſad want,
As a ſhoemaker wanting his leather.

A man that has got but one leg,
Will make but a very bad runner;
And he that's no eyes in his head,
Will make but a ſorrowful gunner.

A bell without ever a clapper,
Will make but a ſorrowful ſound;
And he that's no land of his own,
Muſt work on another man's ground.

A woman without e'er a fault,
She bright as a ſtar will appear;
But a brewer without any malt,
Will brew us but pitiful beer.

A ſoldier without any pay,
To fight will be terrible lazy;
And a bed well ſtocked with fleas,
Will make a man wonderful busy.

A miller without a pair of stones,
He is but a sorrowful soul;
And if he has no corn to grind,
He need not stand taking of toll.

A man that has got a bad stomach,
Will make but a pitiful dinner;
And he that's no victuals to eat,
His jaws will grow thinner and thinner.

You know that a dish of good meat
Is the comfort and joy of man's life;
But he that's no victuals to eat,
Has no need to draw out his knife.

A ploughman without e'er a plough,
I think he may live at his ease;
And a dairy without e'er a cow,
Will make but bad butter and cheese.

A man that is pitiful poor,
Has little or nothing to lose,
And he that has got ne'er a foot,
It saves him the buying of shoes.

A woman that never bore children,
Is barren, and so much the worse;
And he that is quite out of money,
Can have no need of a purse.

I hope there's no one in this place
  Displeas'd any way with my song:
Come buy up my ballads a-pace,
  And I'll pack up my awls and begone.

O Nanny! wilt thou gang with me!

O NANNY! wilt thou gang with me,
  Nor ſigh to quit the flaunting town?
Can ſilent glens have charms for thee,
  The lowly cot, and ruſſet gown?
No longer dreſs'd in ſilken ſheen,
  No longer deck'd with jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit the courtly scene,
  Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nanny! when thou'rt far away,
  Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
Say, canst thou face each parching ray,
  Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
O! can that soft and gentle mien
  Extremes of hardships learn to bear,—
Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,
  Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nanny, canst thou love so true
  Through perils keen with me to go,—
Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,
  To share with him the pangs of woe?

Say, ſhould diſeaſe or pain befal,
Wilt thou aſſume the nurſe's care,—
Nor, wiſhful, thoſe gay ſcenes recal,
When thou wert faireſt of the fair?

And when at laſt thy love ſhall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repreſs each ſtruggling ſigh,
And cheer with ſmiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou, o'er his breathleſs clay,
Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear?
Nor then regret the ſcenes ſo gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

The Woodland Maid.

THE Woodland maid, my beauty's queen!
In nature's ſimple charm array'd,
This heart ſubdues;—that matchleſs mien
Still binds me to the Woodland maid.

Let others ſigh for mines of gold,
For wide domain, for gay parade;
I would, unmov'd, ſuch toys behold,
Poſſeſs'd of thee, ſweet Woodland maid.

On Sympathy.

When on a bed of sickness laid,
And Death's approach we feel is near,
What art can sad reflection shade,
Like Sympathy's sweet falling tear?
To heal the wounded mind of grief,
Has aught on earth such power as thee;
Oh, what can bring such kind relief,
As thou, sweet soothing Sympathy!

When we a much-lov'd friend deplore,
And all our soul to grief we give,
What can our long loſt peace reſtore?
Oh! what so kindly can relieve!
What tempt us to exert our powers,
And happy once again to be?
Say, what can cheer Affliction's hours,
Like the blest power of Sympathy.

Oh Sympathy! thou gift divine!
Still let me feel thy pure delight:
Oh! be thy power for ever mine,
To make my sinking heart beat light.
And, oh! when I distress behold,
May I to give be ever free;
Nor yet that dearer part with-hold—
Thy healing balm—Sweet Sympathy!

In the Downhill of Life.

IN the downhill of life, when I find I'm declinin
May my fate no less fortunate be,
Than a snug elbow-chair can afford for reclining,
And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea;
With an ambling pad pony to pace o'er the lawn,
While I carol away idle sorrow;
And blithe as the lark that each day hails the daw
Look forward with hope for to-morrow.

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade t
As the sunshine or rain may prevail,
And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade to
With a barn for the use of the flail:
A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
And a purse when a friend wants to borrow;
I'll envy no Nabob his riches or fame,
Nor what honours may wait him to-morrow.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be com
pletely
Secur'd by a neighbouring hill,
And at night may repose steal upon me more sweet
By the sound of a murmuring rill:
And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,
With my friends I will share what to-day may affo
And let them spread the table to-morrow.

And when I at last must throw off this frail coveri
Which I've worn for threescore years and ten;
On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hoveri
Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again:
But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow
As this old worn-out stuff, which is thread-bare to d
May become everlasting to-morrow.

FINIS